A PASSIONATE

SATYR

Upon a Devilliſh Great

HE-WHORE

That lives yonder at

ROME.

A Pox on the Pope, with his damn'd bald Pate,
What a ſtir hath this Toad made here of late;
Such a Noiſe and a horrible Glamour
Is here with this Whore, a Plague of God on her.
Muſt Majeſty fall and wallow in Blood
For a Whore's Quarrel that's not worth a Turd?
Muſt the Kingdom and State be at a loſs,
Leave their ſweet Peace to lye under a Croſs?
Muſt Church and Church-men be expoſed to ſcorns,
Toſt up and down by a Beaſt with ten Horns?
Muſt Chriſtians that know no more but one God
Worſhip ten thouſand, or be ſcourg'd with a Rod?
Muſt Beads, and a Croſs, and a Relique from *Jone*,
Make us fall down to Prayers right or wrong?
Muſt Hobgoblin Maſs, that's learn'd of Old-Nick,
Complement God for the Well and the Sick?
Muſt Water bleſs'd by a Conjuring Monk
Scoure away Sins from a Pockyfi'd Punk?

Muſt

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Muſt Souls be pray'd out, the Devil hath got,
At ſo much *per* Maſs, tho there they muſt rot?
Muſt Sinners be ſav'd by Old Sinning Gulls?
I'll not creep beg your Pardon, thoſe are damn'd Bulls.
Muſt We, *Canibal* like, eat up our God,
Or elſe muſt We not in Heaven have abode?
Muſt Fire and Wood burn all that won't bow,
Worſhip S. *Doll*, and the Devil knows who?
Muſt Ignorance be our Guide to Glory,
Then Heaven I'm ſure is but an old Story.
Muſt all Men be blind that open their Eyes,
That Prieſts may do what they pleaſe with their Wives?
Muſt killing of Kings, and Princes to boot
Be Marks that the Pope is ſound at the Root?
Muſt a Concleve of Rogues, and *Jeſuit* Prieſts,
Perſwade all the World to worſhip the Beaſt?
Muſt the Pope order all by Sea and by Land,
Who muſt turn out, and who is to ſtand?
Muſt thoſe be intruſted that ſwear and receive
Whate're you impoſe, that they may deceive?
Muſt *Judas* be ſaved that eat of the Sop?
No, by the Maſs, he deſerved the Rope:
Muſt ſuch be employed at Sea and at Shore,
That would ſubvert all to ſet up the Whore?
Muſt thoſe be good that deſigned to ſeem ſuch?
Who in Parliament time Subſcrib'd to the Church:
Muſt We all be undone by a damn'd Popiſh Crew,
Some that is about us, and ſome We ne're knew?
Muſt the King and his Friends ſee and know this,
And yet be adviſed that nothing's amiſs?
Muſt this be the Trap, then the Devil take it,
Our Hogs We've brought to a bleſſed Market.

FINIS.

* EB65. a100. 681p3